Byening For England and the Continent and
All Countries in the International
Postal Union.

LET THE P. S. C. ACT PROMPTLY.

FICTORY for The Evening World in its long fight for a fivecent phone call throughout Greater New York is further confirmed by the action of the Foley Legislative Committee in fixing the five-cent rate as the basis for new schedules.

In accepting the principle of the five-cent rate the New York Telephone Company at last recognizes the justice of the public's deand that the huge earnings from its metropolitan business shall be rused in bettering and cheapening the service supplied its metropolitan

This fundamental point admitted, there should be neither difficulty nor delay in reaching, through the refereeship of the up-State Public Service Commission, a fair settlement of the question how much can be cut from the company's present profits in this city and a detailed schedule of future rates.

In conducting its share of the telephone campaign, the up-State Commission cannot be said to have distinguished itself by real or despatch. It has trailed along where it should have led. It now has a chance to redeem itself.

"One week should be long enough time for the Commission to net," is the opinion of Senator Foley and his committee. The public oks to Chairman Van Santvoord and his colleagues to rise to the challenge and make good.

The heaviest contence authorized by the law-five years fall—is none too much for the man who swindled an elderly woman out of her \$700,000 fortune. In imposing the full pon-alty upon R. J. Hartman, Supreme Court Justice Weeks dwelt with severity upon the heineus crime of robbing a trueting widow" until she is dependent upon the charity of others for a

This sort of swindler is too common hereabouts. Too often he escapes through the unwillingness of his dupes to disclose their own credulity. The more of his kind that justice can land in fall, the more safety for seft-hearted women and their

THE ARCH-TYPE.

EEB. 25, 1634, died a great war lord, the famous Wallenstein. emmander of the Emperor Ferdinand's armies in the Thirty Years' War, struck down by the same Emperor's orders, victim se much ambition and too much success.

Only at the battle of Lutsen, where he met Gustavus of Sweden stein ever suffer defeat. He was an awe-inspiring person-Wealth exalted him, power hardened him, war engrossed him. In his History of the Austrian Government, Michiels thus paints

lie tall, this figure, his haughty attitude, the stern expresse of his pale face, his wide forehead that seemed formed to d, his block hair, close shorn and harsh, his little dark in which the flame of authority shone, his haughty and close look, his thick mustaches and tufted beard, pro-l, at first glames, a startling contaction.

"He was ever absorbed in himself, ever engaged in his me. He was never seen to smile and his pride Aim inaccessible to pleasures. His only fanaticism

to always appeared in public surrounded by extraordiless than one hundred dishes were served. A thousand as formed his household, and about one thousand horses his stables, where they fed from marble mangers. When at out on his travels a hundred carriages drawn by four or dx horses conveyed his servante and baggage; sixty carriages and fifty led horses carried the people of his suite; ten trumpeters with aliver bugies preceded the procession.

"While his army devoted itself to pleasure, the deepest si-

sed about the general. He could not endure the ng of carts, loud conversations or even simple sounds. his chamberiains was hanged for waking him without his chamberlains was hanged for waking him without and an officer secretly put to death because his spurs sed when he came to the general. His servants glided at the rooms like phantoms and a dosen patrols incresantly poved round his tent or palace to maintain perpetual tranquility. Chains were stretched across the streets in order to guard m against any sound.

"As be crossed the camp his soldiers experienced an in-voluntary shudder when they saw him pass like a supernatural

Superlative product of militarism!

The world has long since done with the Wallenstein type, releed it to the museum of sombre mediaeval memories, condemned brutal motives, its grotesque selfishness. Yet who can say now t it is dead and cold for all time, that it is not maybe stirring its benity foints in expectancy, waiting for triumphs, watching its oppor-

If you believe in that "law of averages," look out for

Hits From Sharp Wits.

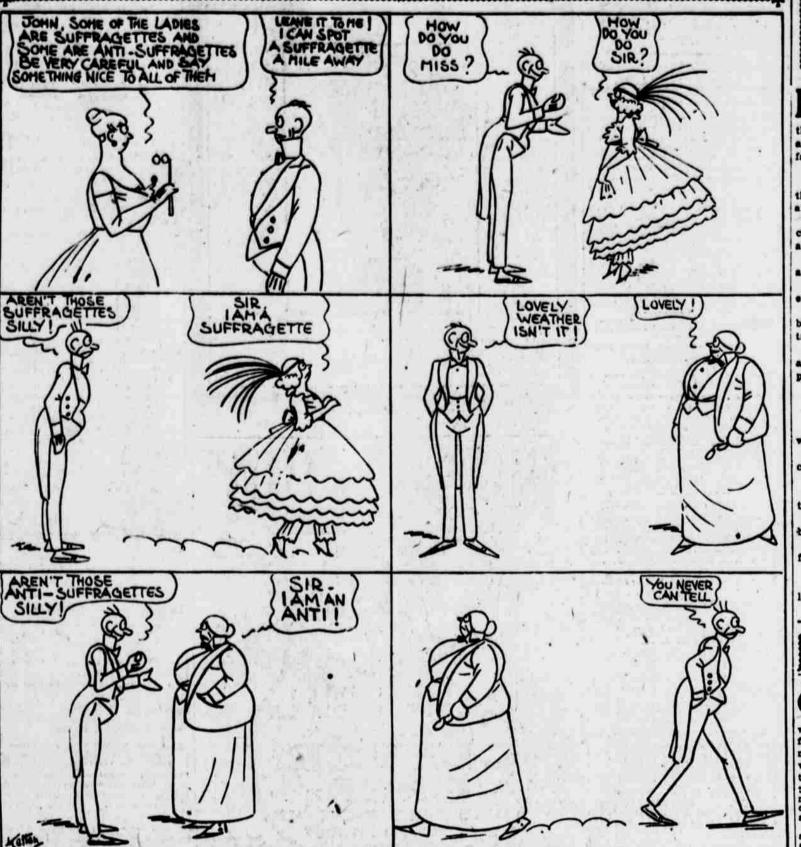
The public would think more of prophets if they would prophesy things people would like to have come true.—Toledo Blade.

The thought that "it might be wereo" is a kind of last resort con-solution.

There is at least this advantage in having to deal with a mule over having dealings with a mulish person, that one is not tempted to waste time in reasoning with a mule.

Letters From the People

You Never Can Tell By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

alarm at Lanigan's lumber yards some found that their environment is not seven or eight blocks distant.

"Hi! Hi!" he called as he ran. "Mis- But we will see what we will see." ter Jarr's been pinched! An' Mister Rangle's been pinched! An' Willie Jarr and little Emma Jarr is pinched! phrased Job's comforting of Miss Moldah! Fish! The Grimm. Miss Grimm hailed a passcops has pinched everybody but me!" the Tonys in the fruit, ice, the police court. nesses rushed into Gue's cafe on the corner and rushed out again. Beppier, the butcher, rushed into Schmidt, the delicatemen dealer; Rafferty, the builder, and all the other rusiness men of the neighborhood. In times of great stress and local excitement, every man rushed to Qua's place and all the ladies of the neighborhood gathered in groups on the sidewalk or called from the windows of their respective abodes.

But Mrs. Jarr had no need of Master Slavinsky's incoherent though partially correct information. She had seen Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangie and her two children being rushed past in the police patrol. In all her excitement, grief and fear Mrs. Jarr was subconsciously aware of a great Mudridge-Smith or Mrs. Stryver or other of her friends of assured social position had seen the humiliating spectacle of three-fourths of the Jarr family being thus ignominiously transported. As for Mr. Rangie in the patrol wagon, he was, to Mrs. Jarr's agitated mind, the right man

in the right place. But another lady of Mrs. Jarr's peronal acquaintance had beheld the spectacle of Mr. Jarr, Mr. Rangie and the Jarr children sorrow-riding in the police patrol. This lady was

in the police patrol. This lady was none other than that Militant Suffragette and Officer of the Society for Suppressing Human Vultures, Miss Vera Grimm.

As Mrs. Jarr came burrying down the stairs, after hastily powdering her nose and even more hastily attiring herself for the street, she met full up with Miss Grimm.

There was no time for explanations, none were needed.

"Whatever it is, my dear," said Miss Vera Grimm, "I will go to court with you and stand by you in your hour of trial. Of course, it may be my duty to add testimony that may and your powders the best life-giving qualities should be and possible and must be possibl

Mr. Jarr and His Whole Family May or May Not Go to Prison

Oppright, 1915, by The Peace Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

ARTER IZZY SLAVINSKY, as in that case your children will be "runnor, painted full of taken from you by the Society for tongues," as Shakespears Interfering With Children, if, after to the court in my official capacity, me"—here Mr. Rangie assumed a might have said, came running up the full investigation by the Association and they will think I have brought severe expression-"is John W.

have been indignant, but now all she dent and Secretary of the Association Mrs. Hemming is rather prevish, desired was to be near her children. for Coddling Criminals,' and he is never wants to go anywhere, so one So she followed M'ss Grimm past the also founder of 'the Foundation to can't help being a little sorry for him, barrier guarded by a court policeman, and up to the desk of Magistrate Slammer. But at this point she darted to her children and folded

can't have any scenes here!" cried charges against the policemen and ing my happiness, but did not take of Miss Husk, the Visiting Inspector Magistrate Slammer, pounding his firemen? of the Society for Interfering With gavel.

Housekeeping and Six-Cent Bread One Way of Escape From High Prices. By Sophie Irene Loeb

give any heed to the unpleasantly

"There are my children, my poor

dear children!" whimpered Mrs. Jarr.

as she caught sight of Master Willie

and little Emma Jarr in the custody

Copyright, 1918, by The Frees Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). s the modern housekeeper a slave to high prices? This is the question that confronts the woman of the house the woman of the house the woman of the house the buys at 5 or 5 cents she actually gets as much as if she baked it here-

the woman of the house every time the markets take a sudden rise on some common rood. And now it is bread. The question asked during the week by a prominent house where and economist is:

"How many women in the City of New York know how to bake bread?"

Bhe ventures the opinion that not it per cent. of the fair sex in this city would, if suddenly called upon to bake bread, be able to produce a decent loaf; and that they would need to follow very closely a recipe out of a cook book which might or might not prove to be a safe one. This woman lives in the country, is the mother of five children and not only bakes her own bread but is a student of economic food values. She also makes the following observations that may be of help:

"The average woman of the city," she says, "is a slave to the can opener and the delicatessen store. And the such provides in the care and the better quality that stamps food as to its health-ity that examps food as to its health-ity that examp

"S-s-s-sh!" cautioned Miss Vera | shouted Mr. Jarr. "Do you know who

He is Charlman for 'the Committee on Permanent Probing to Investigate Mrs. Jarr at another time would Everybody.' He is also Vice-Presi-Feed and Fondle the Constantly Un- as he enjoys going out."

> "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I thought you were just ordinary citi- all about the Hemmings. Yet that

backed by more matefactors of great do the things he enjoyed doing, as I wealth in one day than theirs are in a was constantly obliged to refuse her

year!" So Wags the World. was constantly obliged to refuse her on account of my work—the pleasures she enjoyed. "Mr. Hemming asked me to tell you that Louisa—Mrs. Hemming—would like to see you." Jane told me at By Clarence L. Cullen. Coppright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

DURING the honeymoon period the breakfast-table formula is I came in, so I offered to deliver the message."

I went over soon after dinner, but, as before, found nothing to cause alarm in Mrs. Hemming's condition. She seemed freiful and unhappy, and I boldly told her so. I knew it was against my own interests, but I told her frankly that she did not need a doctor, but that she needed change, exercise, and laughingly said to her: "Let yourself enjoy life!"

"How can I?" she asked, then, "Oh, how I wish I could!"

"Why can't you?"

Rising, she walked nervously up and my asking you for money!" Later on be needing a little money to-day." simmers down to: "I'm going to get bout twenty do. Tes, I know you're late for your car and all like that—but

The trouble about fiving in a ground floor flat is that you haven't got any-body beneath you upon whem to glut your hatred and get hunk for the Cossack-charging thumping and pounding of the loathsome family

We don't believe a violet-ray ex-ploration would reveal anything very remarkable in the brain-pan of the woman who imagines that it is chic and cunnin' for her to dab her nose with a foolish little vanity-box pow-der puff at a table in a crowded res-

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon By Helen Rowland

DAUGHTER, hear now the Litany of the Bachelor, which the eth in secret.

For the Fool hath said in her heart, "Would that I were a MAN, that my life might be of a pleasing diversity! For the life of a woman as a music box with only one tune; but the days of a man are one long. fascinating medley."

But the Bachelor saith in his weariness:

"Ob, Providence, deliver me now from the monotony of diversion and the eternal-sameness of variety, for there is nothing new under the sun and no thrill which is not a duplicate of those which have gone before.
"Behold, one flirtation cometh and another departeth; one we

charmeth and another groweth wearisome; but their ways and their we and their whims are ALL alike, from the introduction unto the last had Yea, in the beginning every woman saith, 'WHY dost thou love mel and in the end each woman demandeth, 'Why dost thou love me no longer?

"In the beginning each murmureth, "Am I the first woman thou hast ever loved?' and in the end every one sigheth, 'Shall I be the last?' "In the beginning every damsel seemeth sweeter than the one be but in the end there is no difference between attar of roses and white belie-

trope, and peau d'espagne is as lily of the valley in the nostrils. "One week-end flirtation resembleth another, one morning-after ache resembleth another, one opera soundeth like another and one disne party giveth thee the same indigestion as another.

Verily, verily, the world is made up of but TWO kinds of women "Those who bore me to death-and those who frighten me to death. "Those who talk platitudes—and those who talk cynicism.

"Those who threaten me with matrimony-and those who threaten with breach-of-promise.

"Those who read Robert Chambers-and those who read the beauty "Those who say, 'Oh, don't!'—and those who say 'Come hither!'

"Those whom one taketh in to dinner-and those whom one taketh out 'And they are all like unto the hotel soup, which is of one STOCK.

but differeth in name and appearance only! Then feed me with breakfast foods and stay me with the simple life, for I am sick of flirtation and weary of imitation love.

"And there is nothing new under the sun, save MATRIMONY!" "Yea, I see my FINISH. For I shall take unto myself a wife and be led into the house of bondage, since that at least shall be a Novelty!"

Things You Should Know About Yourself

What Food Makes Good Teeth?

GOOD milk will, for it makes teeth makes them for young lions and wolves, Good vegetables, nuts and fruits will, for it makes them for monkeys. Good corn, oats, barley, wheat, rye and, indeed everything that grows will make good teeth, it taken in their natural state, no elements being taken out, for every one of them makes good teeth for horses, and cows.

But starches and sugars and lard and adulterated foods will not make good teeth; therefore a wise mother will keep from very young children pastry, white bread, cakes and tea, and will give them instead good milk, whole wheat bread, cakes and tea, and will give them instead good milk, whole wheat bread, cakes and tea, and will give them instead good milk, whole wheat bread, cakes and tea, and will give them instead good milk, whole wheat bread, cakes and tea, and will do well to see that these

"What is the matter with Mrs. Hemming?" I asked Jane on my re-turn. "The poor woman seems dis-tressed, and was about to confide

My Wife's Husband

By Dale Drummond

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). ANE looked quizzically at me just in time."

"Oh, I don't know, I never listes." about the Hem- to "Why, yes, they are

to gossip, but I have heard that ahe has always been jealous."
Did I imagine it, or did Jane fush slightly as she said it?
"I don't see anything to be jealous about. To me he is most unattractive," I told Jane.
"He is one of the most fascinating men I have ever met," Jane re-turned. happy, as far as I know.

"Doctor Tobish, what is Mrs. Hem-ming unhappy about?" I asked the old doctor on the day following my "I wouldn't waste my sympathy if I were you!" I returned, then forgot

thought you were just ordinary citisens," replied the humbled and
abashed Magistrate. "Shall I prefer
charges against the policemen and
firemen?"

"No," said Mr. Jarr, "but throw out
all these highly paid troublemaking
representatives of snooping and investigating and so-called reform and
uplift associations. Our societies are
backed by more maiefactors of great

all about the Hemmings. Yet that
risk that Jane
had said, I sensed something mensuhad said, I sensed something mensuhad said, I sensed something mensufing my happiness, but did not take
fool enough to be unhappy about it.
For my part I never could see anything in Lucius Hemming. I wouldn't
trust him with a larne dog," the doctor answered, looking keenly at me
from under his shaggy brows.

"Well, that's a disease I cen't
cure," I returned, thinking for just
a moment of what Jane had said
do the things he enjoyed doing, as I
do the things he enjoyed doing, as I
becked by more maiefactors of great

about his being fascinating, then dismissing him from my mind.
Occasionally Jane would suggest going to the little theatre or into the nearest large town to some entertainment, but it was seldom we went. I was usually tired, and grudged every moment away from my work, so, after having been away from home all day, if I had no calls to make, which now seldom happened, when evening came I was contented to remain at home with Jane, forgetting that I had the different phases of my profession to interest and to give me variety; that I met and talked with many different people during the day, while Jane was practically alone most of the time. dinner.

"Very well. I'll run over this evening. Where did you see Hemming?"

"At the store. I needed some few things, and he told me he was just about to telephone your office when I came in, so I offered to deliver the message."

the time.

As my practice grew, my absorption in it became intense. I gave it literally every thought, every moment of my waking life. So in a way Jane and I lived in different worlds. I—of course—did not talk of my patients to her, and she n turn told me very little of how she spent her time, although I knew she was frequently with the Hemmings and their friends. I know now, years afterward, that Jane had reason to be jealous of my profession, for it took me constantly from her.

Rising, she walked nervously up and down the room for a few moments, then exclaimed:

"Oh, I wish I might talk to you, to Jane had reason to be jealous of my profession, for it took me constantly from her.

Finally when I came home carly, any half past eight or nine o'clock, I would find Jane out. She seldom velunteered any information as to where she had been, and I never asked; I was only too giad that she could amuse herself, so giving me still more freedom.

I, fool that I was, had yet to learn the lesson that if a man neglects a "Oh, I wish I might talk to you, to some one, but I can't!" then quietly thanking me for coming, she let me see she considered my visit ended.
"I want to thank you for your kindness to my wife," I told her as I rose to go. "Mrs. Butterworth would be very lonely if it were not for you."
"Lucius—Mr. Henming—enjoys her music so much," she faltered, saying nothing of herself.
"What is the matter with Mrs.

the lesson that if a man neglects a pretty attractive wife, some other man is perfectly willing, yes, anxious, to console her.

(To Be Continued.)

der puff at a table in a crowded restaurant.

We leave it to the Class in Feminine
Psychology, with no expectation or hope of reply, why it is that, when a woman wheeling a beby charriage decen't wheel it on the green side of and slop for a little chart on the state nature under their breath.